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pp 1-3 Boston meeting - comments

pp 4-7 Four Clouds of religion - ~~extax~~ concise reference to the four major religions: Tibetanism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism with description of people who have died . Matter created as a result of thoughts which people have had. Exercise of the four extremities establishing a contact with such matter. Prayer (p 13;23

8-11 Death

'Clothing' - as what one wears -outer life. Being free from outer life with reference to forty days after a person has died. learning how to die to oneself, in relationto Work.

11-12,-16 18 Energy. Exercise(task) to see how much energy one loses during a day.

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16- 18 Inner life. Motivation. Correcting what was wrong. Strength of character. Admitting one had made a mistake.

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Jessica

ROUGH: return to Alice Meltzer after proofing

(3 parts)

M 1782

IV

Friday Feb. 20, 1970

Westtown

PART ONE

MR. NYLAND: It's getting now a little worse. Last night in Boston, I think we had about eight instruments going. Pretty soon we will crowd out the audience. It was a very strange experience, last night. There were quite a number of people from Boston - over 60 - and apparently some didn't know really ~~where~~ why they came and others would just ask without checking up sufficiently with the people who might know or say yes. They just came in. I think that the Boston group was at fault, and it was not an open meeting; it was something that was meant of course for the group in Boston. Perhaps with a few people who are now coming --COMING to their Monday evenings, which is a --a freer one.

But always the judgment that the accent should be that they are interested or know something about Work, or in any event, serious enough. And here I was confronted with a group of people, partly hippy-like, of course long hair, too much, too long, sitting with faces, perhaps they would call it expectancy; for me it was no expression. Almost, I would say drowning out the people from the Group itself. And then I was faced with what will I tell them. And of course I asked several times, "What are you coming here for? What do you expect?"; and gradually trying to break the ice, without changing any particular expression; although they were intent and listening, most likely because of politeness, because I felt constantly a wall. I could not get through it. I tried in many different ways, and finally, settling, desperate, you might say, for subjects which have general value and which only can be understood when one is already interested in what is, at least partly realizing, the meaning of one's life. So one starts to talk about things that really matter; and you do it in a certain way to indicate the seriousness. And you hope then that it will make a little dent or that some of the eyes will start to light up, or that they in their particular posture start to become interested ~~mostly~~ because something is being touched in them. But this goes on then for fifteen, twenty minutes, half an hour without getting any response whatsoever. And it was it at such a time, after having talked, not allowing questions, because where would the questions come from?

So we talked in a general way. And after half an hour all of a sudden it was for me as if something dropped out, as if I had lost contact completely. And I was talking to a bunch of people I never have met, who did not show any particular interest that I could see. And I was talking about things that were

serious for me. I felt empty. And then I considered that I continue, or in what way will I continue? Will I continue to try and talk to them at the expense of the Group? Or should I talk to the Group, at the expense of the newcomers? It was very difficult to know really what to do, because I cannot just say the newcomers can be eliminated, or negated, because they came ~~That will say~~ definitely for some reason. Although I may think it is curiosity, of course I don't know. When there is not much of that kind of an expression, I really cannot tell. I can go by feeling. I can go by a certain way by which I am affected by the atmosphere created by them. But it is not that certain, that on that kind of a basis I want to make a decision. So I continued, and it came up to about an hour and a half. Of course what we said, that was all right, certain statements. But then towards the end again, how will I end it? Because during such a meeting, against one's will sometimes, one becomes concerned. What is it that they really came for? What is it that one can try to give? And will it be possible for me to give them something? Sometimes I say yes, because I'm a little bit more mature, I have lived longer. And sometimes I think that being associated with Gurdjieff and the ideas, also for a little longer, I can say a few things that might be of value to them. So I'm finished with a couple of sentences as if to hit them. And then I got up, after saying goodnight, and I left that room, and I hope I'll never go through that experience again. I don't want to waste my time that way.

Why do I tell you? Because on Friday there is always for me quite a difference. Perhaps the difference is a degree of intimacy, also helped

by the light, not really seeing everybody, sitting on the floor mostly, nonchalantly, hoping for something, like Fridays have given us many times the possibility of an exchange of certain kinds. I said the other week, I'm at home. I also said I like the piano. But last week I scolded you. And I had a kind of a feeling also, why waste your time? I know there are many things to be done. I know that time becomes limited for me; I hope, you might say, not too soon. Still I must consider what is it that I want to do still, or feel that is necessary so that I can then rest, and my hope is always the continuation of ideas of this kind, because of course they are not mine. They belong to a total fund of knowledge existing somewhere outside of this earth.

I've mentioned once in a while - probably you remember - if one thinks about the four main religions, that that what has been lived by the people professing such a religion, in their particular thoughts and feelings, and sometimes as a result of their prayer, to their gods, that upon their own death of such people - pious as they were, quite definitely serious, and most likely honest - that there was an accumulation of such thoughts as matter, as a combination of different things then existing, concerning the value of life in general, the existence of Higher forces towards whom they - those either Christians, or Mohammedans, or Tibetans or Buddhists - would pray to their deities, to their gods. And that the accumulation when they died, of that kind of material, being ethereal in quality, and not

meant to die as yet, would continue to exist in the Universe. And coming from this earth, such thoughts then would be combined and would take a certain place, somewhere way off, still within the Solar System to which the Earth belongs; as if that kind of atmosphere of well-wishing for themselves, or hoping for the grace from the Lord, or thinking that in their highest wish and feeling, the relation was established between God and man.

All of that representing a kind of a knowledge which we simply call 'esoteric' because it has to do with the reality of Life. It is not outside, like exoteric, and it is not any longer ~~esoteric (check this word)~~ mesoteric, which means that what is in-between as representing the possibility of growth from the outside to the inside. From the outside world to an inner world. That the accumulation of such energies take place as if there are four tremendous clouds of atmospheres, in which these ideas representing the highest forms of human thought and feeling regarding their religion, regarding their way of living, regarding their relationship towards what they considered for them the ultimate aim and towards which they could strive during their lifetime; that such clouds not containing anything special for the Earth, not question of rain or ~~the~~ accumulation of things that are earthly - but these clouds were like feathery clouds. The great many pores in it in which was lodged the thought forms and the emotional states condensed, in some way or other, into the interstices of such an accumulation of material, becoming then, because of that, spiritual.

And it is really that that, when it has taken place and in constantly added to by living people now who ~~know why~~, and ~~who~~ die after a life of striving; that then, the uniformity of that what exists in knowledge, and the validity which there is for the distribution among all people, all alike for those who wish and want to--to find out if perhaps in their own life, they can find sustenance from praying or hoping, or to make a contact with such an atmosphere, such a cloud-dependent a little on where they themselves happen to live and representing within their own life maybe, either as a Christian, either perhaps as Buddhist, whatever it is that they have lived under, that then they would contact such a(n) conglommeration of good spiritual values, hoping then that in that kind of a contact something could flow over to them.

It was in such a time, combined with the proper attitude of the person wishing to profit by that what had already accumulated and existed and could be used, I would almost say for the asking. But for the ~~when~~ asking in a certain way that for that a man divided himself into four parts, and that he became aware - and this is not sensing in the regular sense of an exercise - it is that he became aware of the existence of his four extremities, which, as arms and legs, indicated the four different directions into which, when one follows one or another, one could reach such configurations. And that then in concentration, in wishing to establish a contact, and because of that, the openness of that what could become like an antenna, receiving waves sent out by such clouds, that then a man in his state of meditation and devotion

could receive actual food from that what had already been accumulated and was therefor him for the asking, when his particular state was correct in regard to the possibility of wishing to make further use of that what was unfinished, still.

The problem is always, that when one lives and one is engaged in ideals (that) when one feels that it is worthwhile to associate with it, when it is worthwhile for oneself to know that it still can exist and is available for one, if one is only in the right kind of a state; that then, by means of such a form of prayer, and the openness within oneself for the possibility of receiving, that one wishes really to eliminate oneself, as if one is through with (the) world as we know it -worldly things, outside world, worlds of ordinary phenomena - and that a man then changes by means of the four extremities into a new form based upon three, in which three has become one and then as One, united with the last three, became four.

This is how the Law functions. It stays related to the Law of phenomena because four and three makes seven. And the three-unit as a DO-RE-MI, becoming One, is again connected with another one consisting of another three, by means of that what becomes a cardinal point in the progress of development, which is the bridge between that what is temporary, and that what is permanent.

When one looks at Work in that way, when one sees a gathering, intent on a certain aim, and it is as if you sometimes actually can

forget a day, that you can leave a day outside, that all your interests and all your difficulties - which every day has more than enough - even with your sickness - of which we have at the present time also more than enough - we don't need it. Sufficient unto this day is the evil thereof. And we want to have another day tomorrow, and we don't want to carry over from today to tomorrow what already should be dismissed today. So then an evening like this is a chance to leave all things outside, things that are not essential, things that are like clothing when one is covered too much, and can hardly breathe; ~~to let in (that end in?) and~~ so that in such an evening that one can really see each other, because that's the problem, we hide.

We hide behind a mask; the mask of oulture, the mask of our education. We hide even behind the ~~mark~~ mask of our private life. We don't want anyone to enter. Perhaps one is right to keep it to oneself, but then there is a group, or an attempt to make a group. And then when you come and you want to put your best foot forward, that is, you want to appear as you really are. How do you think you ought to be then?

I remember a remark of Gurdjieff, once said to a few of us. He looked and he said, "I see all of you naked." And of course it was difficult to understand what he meant, because he was not interested in the clothing, that what a man needs in order to appear on earth. The clothing will die before the body will die. There is a point ~~at~~ in which when, the body, being free from all processes of outer life, has a chance to recognize the direction in which it should go, if there is still life in

it; And that the problem with man is to keep his life long enough so that the body has received a message, and that that what then continues is a vehicle for the maintenance of Life.

The body is not needed, the clothing fall off first, then the body. The contact with outside world, that is the clothing finished after forty days. Then the body remains still in contact, but it is asleep because it has entered into a new spiritual world and it is not as yet adjusted to the new conditions. And we call it sleep because it is still a semi-Conscious state, even if a body, Kesdjanian started, has a chance to become at least a little bit Conscious, and a little bit Conscientious, it is not as yet ready to take part in a Kesdjanian world. And sometimes for quite some time, that body remains away from the Kesdjanian world, not being able to return to the physical one, and in a state which we simply call 'sleep' - as semi-unconscious - preparing itself again and again, so that attempts being made from time to time, to enter into a spiritual world, so that then it will receive instructions of how to continue with one's life.

That is why, when a person dies, for forty days one has a chance of contact, and one sees a person then as he was on Earth, and one remembers how in his behavior he failed because he was not then free from his clothing, and that the help that one gives him in order to become free from the bondage of Earth is that you will enable him to lose his coverings, because they have no more value and they cannot bind

a man because they start to deteriorate. Clothing is only good when a man wears it, then there is a form of life in it. It's even so strong that sometimes, when you take a coat off and you hang it in a closet, you see the man in that coat when you look at the coat only. This is still that something remnant of a remnant is in that coat even if it is not worn. In the same way, that what a man sheds, and for forty days tries to--to loosen himself from such bondage, that the first things to go is outer clothing, gradually going down to that what is really essential, also as clothing, and leaving a person free in his nakedness.

I talk about these things once in a while for reasons you know. You have to understand, that life as a life is not bound to this Earth! And that the more you can understand the Essence of Life itself, the more you will be able to be free; the more also you will be able to help those who have lost someone who was near and dear to them. That is a problem, because you have to learn to be present to your own death. You have to learn, in Work, to die to yourself. You have to dare to take off your clothing in front of the Lord and not be ashamed, because you must then know within your heart that no fig leaf will ever help you. Every once in a while we talk some more about these kind of things because you remember, if a person can remember his own death, he will be in the state in which he's open and at the same time realize that Work has to be done.

I drink to the death of all of us. (Toast.)

PART TWO

MR. NYLAND: How many days still before we will get wise? You know that you lose energy when you lose your temper. You know that when you are in an upset state emotionally, you can not think straight. Do you realize how much energy you really lose during a day? If you would try to find out for one hour, to try to relax all your muscles when you sit, when you get up, when you walk - not only the muscles of your legs - when you sit, even your shoulders; when you walk, of course, your neck; the expression on your face; the way you constantly react to things that are not necessary to react to. If you try to find for yourself ~~what~~ where is your Life inside, that ~~either~~ even on the street, ~~or in~~ on a country road, you close your eyes for a few steps and open them up again. During that time you don't receive impressions through your eyes. No new energy is added in that way. What is added through your ears is a little unconscious and quite automatic. What is used by your breathing, by the maintenance of your heart functioning, simply up and down - I said the other day 'systole' and 'diastole' - like a pump, like something that is growing, like a growing concern, being fed by your breathing, sending food through your body, your stomach, eating too much, too little. Getting affected by telephone calls. Movements of your arm, gestures, not at all necessary.

When you walk - simply. When I talk about simplicity of Work I mean of course the reducing of all forms of energy to a minimum required for the activity. It does not mean, quite logically, that you stop. It means that what you do, have to do, in any one of your three centers has to be the utilization of your energy efficiently. Like you are a master of a factory, which you have to run. When you are a manager you look where there is waste. You sit in your office, you hear the wheels go around of the machine shop. You may even know how it is because you can visualize it. You can still see, probably, someone who is working on the lathe, who had to stop talking for five minutes because a young boy came by, and his mother happened to know the lathe-maker, the lathe-worker's aunt, and had a very important oonversation all about waste of time. 3 times // Every once in a while I think of many of you, when you are busy during the day and I can visualize it more or less. I'm a little familiar with work at the Garage. I see the Barn in my mind's eye quite often. I see what happens every once in a while in Warwick. It is as if I step into the store there, and I look around and I see. I see several of you work during the day. I've seen you, I will see you again tomorrow, and Sunday. I see how much time is used for nothing. I've said before, it doesn't matter so much when you're young, you can squander a great deal. I still think you remain responsible. But is is a responsibility which becomes mechanical, a ~~[illegible]~~) Such responsibility dies with you.

But that what won't die with you is the responsibility you take on your shoulders, after you have found out about Work; because then, you become a marked man. There is a sign on your forehead. It says:- if you could read that language - this person knows. It's written on your forehead. You can't rub it out. It's written in ink; indelible, but invisible for those who have no 'I' ~~(eye)~~. Those who do have, they see it, although they become aware of it. It's terrible to meet a person who is aware. It's terrible for oneself to see ~~the~~ a marked forehead, for those who know, and when underneath is written, and those who don't do. I say it is terrible to know and not to do. Blessed is he who knows. Blessed is he who does not know at all. But woe to him who knows and does not do.

It is not that you have to look around and have constantly a sour expression on your face. It's not that you have forgotten how to laugh. It's not that you constantly have to be reminded that even if you were, you cannot Work, because you're not sufficiently free from this Earth, and no one can blame you for that. You were born here, quite logically, you grew into this world. You ~~grew~~ grew up in it; you're still part of it. It is not so easy to loosen yourself from it. Partly because you don't really believe it is necessary. It's terrible when you see the necessity, and that--that then you cannot Work as yet.

How often do you pray? Do you ever--do you ever ~~make~~ make contact with that what you think is higher than you are? Do you ever ask, every

once in a while, for advice? What takes place when you ask for advice? What takes place in yourheart? Do you clean it up first, try to get rid of all the junk, as much as you can? When you ask in prayer for advice, for the Lord to come and tell you, how surprised would you be if He came? And how flustered, because you have nothing to offer. Nothing in the house. And you cannot even run to the grocery store quickly, or the drugstore - no, there is no time. You have to wait, maybe. You have to hope for the best; maybe the best, may be not good enough for the Lord.

No ¶ How prepared are you for that kind of an experience which might come all of a sudden? It won't, I assure you, not that easily. But if one lives that the Bridegroom comes, and you wait, and your lamp is lit - ¶ How do you go through the day? How will you face tomorrow? When will you actually be serious? When will you enter the door of the Barn with a prayer on your lips? When will you see, half a second after you have used the word, in anger, that you wished you could draw it back, As if to the first word there was a string attached and you could have swallowed it again. To make things undone? ¶ But you know I don't want to talk about that now too much, because I think with the spring coming, with the gradually having paid through all our sicknesses, having suffered enough.

The days are over that one has to reconsider again suffering for tomorrow. It may be. And when it comes you are prepared.

Still preparing, still collecting energy, still putting it away for future investment. Still walking on your toes so as not to disturb the evil spirits. Still considering other people your enemy. Not allowing them to stay next to you and occupy a space that you may have occupied a little while before. When could you be ready to share half your kingdom with the rest of the world? It is not morosity that makes me ~~sad~~ say it. It is really that I feel that there is only one way to develop your inner life, That is, in beginning to share your outer life, that you learn in very simple ways to give expression to what you feel ... to what you

I don't think a man can live without the wish for tenderness. The difficulty is only that he does not know where to stop. So he becomes greedy. And then he thinks he needs more, much more than he gets. Then he is sad, then he is angry. It's always that way. You get angry when you, in your infinite wisdom, assume that you know what ought to be. At such a time there is only one word that I hope you should use. You should say : God damn me. Such conceit! And you allow it so many times because you are so stupid. All of us, God knows. I know how much energy I have lost in my life. I can cry about that. How often mistakes were made, with the best of intentions, following stupid nonsensical ideas, hoping, hoping for tomorrow.

I am human in that way. I always have been, I always will be. I can understand that one sighs at the end of the day, thinking, Why, why should all this have happened during the day, to me, now, today?

Because when the morning set out so beautifully, the sunshine - and it ends up with sleet and snow. Why should it be in my life? Are you entitled to anything? Are you even entitled to breathe, simply because you happen to be here, is that enough reason for one?

We say we talk about inner life. Again and again, what is it that you call your inner life? A little bit further, deeper than the surface, but how much, how intense sometimes? How can you give yourself in such intensity? You see, if you want to use your muscles to make fists of your hand, that hand can't work. There's only one impression you get - of strength in the fist, so that perhaps if you had a chance you could hit something. Of course it isn't Work, it's loss of energy. But it is showing of life that has to come out. When that is there, turn it off, and then turn on Work. Just like that! Because it is not a question of having to wait until you catch your breath again. The wish can be very strong at a moment when you're angry. And then you can still--you might have a chance to see that--that it happens. You can change your voice when you hear it. But you must make such attempts during the day.

Here another week is gone. (Turning of cassette) Another week. Do you count your days by weeks, your year - second month of the year; pretty soon 1970 also will be gone. There's the spring, summer. Plants, garden, work, [redacted] soil. What will you be? Do

you make a six-month plan, can you really. can you come to yourself that long? Can you allow yourself to make a plan? Can you keep it? Do you want to? Do you want to grow up. really, I mean, not just a little bit of lip-service. Reality within yourself, the depth. Where will you be six months from now?

The motivations - do you know the German word 'leitmotif'? That's the motivation for the direction of your life, the line your life will take, the guidance which such a motivation will give to you. (It) will direct your wishes, will direct your thoughts. And you make that every once in a while. it's a secret for yourself. I compared it once with embroidery, against what I then said, burlap. It's a little rough. Hessian cloth - it's a little bit better, because the value of life as background is rough. what matters is what you do to create a melody from it, and to sing, to sing joy fully, when you Work, when you do something. Whistle with it if you can. Hum a tune when you can. Sit quiet and hear the music in your head if you can. Walk with light feet as if on air. Every once in a while standing still. Thank God I'm alive.

Talk with each other. Do you ever ask forgiveness? Do you ever say, 'I'm sorry, I lost my temper.' Do you ever go back to correct something that was wrong? You know it afterwards, maybe. Do you ever go back and apologize? Have you got that kind of a strength of character to admit? If you do it once, you will see it is easy when

one is honest. You know what I mean, we have XXXXXXX to solve the problem of being able to live together. We have to solve the problem: preventing loss of energy. We have to solve the problem how to remind each other that 1970 is going on and the year of determination, the year in which we will decide: do we stay together or not.

I'm serious about that. It's not that my life is worth very much. My life is only worth that what I wish to do with it, in the usage of energy for a definite purpose. And I'm under an obligation from God to take care of that for my Conscience. That is written on it now and I cannot waste anymore, and I don't want you to waste. I want you to know; I want you to feel it. I want you to realize that I'm not talking nonsense; that I'm talking life about which you must take a responsibility. Full-grown, a little less, a little less until very little; all gradations represented, all gradations of abilities represented; all gradations of strength of character among all of us. Some you can admire, some you can despise. I don't care, as long as you do with what you have, what you must do; and that is your Conscience to know that, and then to live in accordance with it, that you can proclaim from the housetops. For that even I would allow you to sit on the top of the Barn, the roof, and cry out loud, every hour on the hour, 'Glory to God, we have a chance to wake up.'

Try to look at your life a little bit more like that. Try to see each other apologize to God, if you cannot do it to a person, that

you have made a mistake, that you admit that you ~~will reason~~ were really not very clever, that you were really selfish. Admit also, that you really made an attempt. You have a right to tell that. You can even say, 'I remind the Lord that you've done your best.' Of course in fear and trembling, you don't know how He will take it. You're not very much acquainted with God, the Father. He has not shown very much to be a father, because you have not shown enough that you wish Him to be.

How does a man grow in ordinary life? How does he become a man? How marvelous it is if there is someone who can tell him, 'I wish you to be a man.' Very much like the mother can tell the son, 'I wished you could grow up like your father.' So a woman can tell a man, 'Why aren't you a man for me? If you wished, if you really wish I can help, because I can tell what I expect a man to be.' This is Mother Nature. Maybe you never looked at Mother Nature that way. Perhaps you only thought it was ~~only~~ a matter of paying, as if you pay for a lodging; that Mother Nature is keeping a boarding house and you have a room there, and every week she exacts from you whatever the arrangement in the contract was (?). But Mother Nature is also hopeful that not always she will have to live and keep a boarding house.

Mother Nature sometimes looks to the possibility of being a real mother for children. But a real mother wishes a child to grow up,

and then to present him to the world, and then to withdraw. Because that's mother love, to be able to let go, because she wishes for the son to be a man and not to be always her child. Although, with pride she will tell to her friends, You see, that is my son! This is the question: how to get on such terms with Mother Nature that she will tell you. How can you be in the presence of her who exacts the last farthing from you? How can you, when she forces you to walk a mile with her against your wish, because she tells you that's your task. The only way is to say, All right, you wish me to go a mile. I go another one, not to please you, but for me to grow on. I take one year to live now. I take another year for the future! And then she laughs, because she knows what you mean. And in her heart - because she doesn't dare to say it as yet - she admires you, because even if she has a boarding house she would love to give you good food and make sure that your bed is made and that it has clean sheets, because she's not unjust, she's righteous, like the Lord God commanded her to be.

This is really what I'm talking about: A certain level belonging to your Being. That you figure out what is it I can do? What is able - of my ability, what is allowed for me to be within reason, that what I can be now on this Earth, in this place, attending to that what I have to do. I always say it's a condition; sine qua non, it must be. I cannot even conceive of not taking responsibility when I know it is up to me to fulfill it. I say it, of course - but then the addition, the 10% for the church, because

you see, that's holy. I cannot touch that.

If I have one dollar and I say I need that one dollar for my food, I take off ten, ten cents. I say it, my food, it's only ninety. I cannot touch that ten cents. That's my character, you see. You see I love Mother Nature with my heart. I will never forget the opportunities she gave me. But with my mind, I leave her. And in leaving her I'm constantly fed by that what I remember in my heart; and I keep on having love. But it cannot be expressed because my mind tells me: you have now a new world to attend to. You wish to go to the planets, Mother Nature cannot as yet come. She will come in her time. But you go ahead.

What is it that says: your heart or your mind or both? Your heart can tell it because it's filled for love for Mother Nature and what she gave you. For that what you are, the gratitude that you must feel. And your mind, knowing what it wishes and what it can expect and hope for, to turn that what is potential now, into the actuality, the future into the present, that what you wish as an unconscious man to become Conscious. Really to know, that what you wish for yourself to care for and then to do that. To start caring, not waiting, not sit on the sidelines and let the procession go by. But you join the army of your salvation. You walk with the light in your hand, in the darkness.

If each day for ten minutes you could be quiet, if you could make that a habit, if you could do it in the morning or, for that matter, any time during the day. But really be quiet. And allow the thoughts to be there!

and without particular judgment, to see what kind of thoughts are there, then; And not to be ashamed of thoughts you have which what, may be like a dream , recur every day, finally telling you that that is how your mind is made up. That is how your solar plexus seems to turn around, in a small circle, sometimes very small, quite narrow, When it relates to the things ~~that~~ which have to do with the Earth only, and the satisfaction of your body. And it enlarges when there is something more included than only you : the satisfaction of your emotional center, your feeling, the purification, the purification of your mind afterwards; The love for yourself as a beginning, not knowing what to do with it; Extra amount of energy that flows over, and then gradually directing it, and including someone - it doesn't matter so much who, as long as it is usefully spent as energy, as long as you know that you are responsible for it. And then to spread it, to ~~show~~ sow your energy like the grain is sown. Much perhaps is lost in that kind of an attempt because of ignorance.

How would you know when you've never, never experienced the growing of a grain of corn, ~~but~~ that the hard rock, or even the road, is not the right kind of a soil. You will only know by experience, When you once know then don't do it anymore. Then know it once and for all. This makes your character, when you really are mindful of all the happenings to you, and that you can say 'I walk through all the experiences. They used to touch me; I was very much concerned. But as I now walk, I see less

and less of them. They have less and less hold on me, because my attention is towards the future where I see the Sun coming up.

That aim for oneself, based on the wish for Conscience, so that your Conscience, as it were, like a woman, would tell your mind; Be Conscious. No wishy-washy nonsense anymore; that is now forgotten. Now I wish you to function, so that then, you, Consciousness, can become my partner in the difficulties of our life. Conscience and Consciousness belong together. There is divorce between mind and feeling; sometimes much too often. But the marriage between Consciousness and Conscience - if it can be called a marriage; perhaps a partnership is a better term - when it is right, that is made in Heaven. And no earthly force will ever be able to destroy it.

I hope you will have a good tomorrow. And that that may be a sign for every day.

PART THREE (?)

Do you ever pray? Do you ever consider God a reality? Do you ever live, as if He could be there at the same time? Do you ever hope for Him to be? Is there any aim like that in your life? When you are very quiet, and you talk only to your Conscience, when that what is may be mumbling, or perhaps takes place in your ordinary brain, just as a little thought having high fallutin ideas about the Universe or about something that is higher, of course, than you are; Because

you know what you are, you are really very small. And still you keep on thinking, hoping for the best, whatever the best is, whatever God can give you. If you believe in God, if you can actually bring Him down to Earth with you, to see, for him to look.

~~You see, I have to look;~~ You see, that's observation: for Him to look, of course, benevolently, because my God, He is your God, isn't He? Why shouldn't He be benevolent? What else would be benevolent? Why shouldn't he care for you, when you are in earnest? When you wish sincerely to do something about your life? He must, He must acknowledge it, He must know it, He must admit it. That is why you pray. That's why I say: ~~does~~ did He ever come down? Did 'I' happen to be there then - your 'I' that you made. Your 'I' is a servant, created for the purpose of opening the door to God to let Him in. And 'I' doesn't amount to very much in the beginning. He has to grow up with a family. He has to start as early in his life as he can to be associated with Uncle Tooilan. To be able to send etherograms to help him, at the Observatory. To send information to Earth, to Beelzebub, so that Beelzebub starts to know, as Consciousness, about his body, being helped when the little 'I' is still a pupil of the uncle by marriage. Because it's not his real uncle. ~~There's~~ It is an uncle that came into his life through all kind of circumstances which we call 'Octaves' which happen to act in accordance with laws of Heptaparaparshinokh, Trogoautoegocratic; so that then, that what takes place is connected with each other, that it won't lose each other. That there is that kind of a family, closely-knit if possible, so

that God has something to work with. Because when He is not really for you alone, you have to shareHim. You have to be able to tell about it to others. You have to let Him know once in a while that He exists for you. Some day you will have to tell Him about your friends, that they exist, And put in a good word for them, that you ask God to help them also. Because you know He can help, because he has sent the little 'I' to you. Not as yet in uniform.

A little 'I' is just a little bit of a baby in a cradle. Swaddling clothes - stable, maybe. Who knows how the expectant child will be born. Who knows? Who will be Godfather to your 'I'? Who knows who will hold Him, to be baptized. When one Works, such thoughts come to one, every once in a while, when you are quiet and you consider your Life. And perhaps you may be even critical. You may be - - You swear at how you were, how damned stupid it was, to be like that. And to acknowledge you are then that way - God forbid - You would be different. You see nothing can change that, not even God can change that. He is subject to laws, like we. He eats, like we. He eats Time, like we. All of that - what we know - He knows. All of that what He knows, He wishes to tell. He puts it for the time being in 'I', just giving him enough at first to help him build a telescope, so that there is a little Observatory somewhere in the brain; And that the telescope--something must be there to observe the rest of the body.

That's all 'I' gets in the beginning, together with a little

affection. Also 'I' needs affection; also 'I' wishes to grow up when it has life; also 'I' hopes for that kind of understanding. He's free, and at the same time he belongs to one. And every once in a while we endow him with our ordinary qualities. And it is not right, but many times certain things are not right, although they're honest. When they are given in ignorance, they can be honest and not right. And for that I need knowledge. And the 'I' accept first and then tells, 'No it isn't right to take back what you gave me.' 'I will accept, because of affection. 'I' will be just, because of it's God-like qualities.

This is what I mean when I say have you ever talked to Him? Does He know that you wish Him to exist? Do you assure Him, that never mind, through difficulties, through evil times, through suffering, that your 'I' will be fed at all costs, until you die? Until He helps you to die. Until He tells you don't fear. Until He gives you the assurance that for your Unity, consideration at time, in which you lose yourself, that then you must know that that 'I' at times even, will take over for you. That 'I' will be the guide, who takes over when you are incapable. Who will help you when you're sick, who will become your driver, in time; who will like Consciousness, steer your car. Who will by means of a universal credit card make sure that there always will be gasoline. When you think very simply about your Life and you go back a little bit to your

youth, your experiences, where you came from: your father, your mother, your family, your early household, the impressions, the difficulties, At school first day, friends, talks, high fallutin idealism, beauty, walks, never tired, Always alive, expecting the next day, Picnics, out of this world, full of joy. Remember it. What will you do with it? Tomorrow. How will you keep on remembering?

How to remember oneself, everywhere and always? Today and tomorrow - mostly tomorrow, because I prepare today for tomorrow. For the future. For the next year. For my Life, for Eternity, for God. So help me, God, to learn to know what I am. I hope you have a good weekend.

Goodnight.

END TAPE

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